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THE

Priestess of Devon

PART I

[PRICE ONE SHILLING]

Principles of Government

PART I

OF THE

PRIESTESSE
OF
DEVONSHIRE WALL
A POETICAL SATIRE.



EMBELLISHED WITH
CHARACTERS of distinguish'd PERSONAGES,
&c. &c. &c.

PART THE FIRST.

Sense, Virtue, Merit, living Fames and dead,
"Let all give Way — that *W* * t * n* may be READ!
"View! from what Cause, in vain decry'd and curst,"
This Jez. the *second*, dupes our *Men*, the *first*.

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THE
PRIESTESS
OF
DEVONSHIRE-WALL.

PART THE FIRST.

W^{**T*N!} I sing, and her illustrious *line!*
Muses, assist! Oh, aid this great design!
Attune my numbers, send each happy phrase,
And make her fame immortal in my lays;

Re-echoing o'er the earth, let it resound ;
 So fools may profit, by a ****'s renown.
 Gods! that her *worth* should unregarded pass,
 By men of sense, when *bray'd* by ev'ry *ass*!
 Star of their sphere! whose vivifying ray,
 Conducts from virtue's solitary way ;
 Cheer'd by its beam, thro' *seasons*, and thro' *night*,
 Kindly eclips'd from reason's irksome light ;
Driven! and *posted!* *baited*, each relay!
Affes, sing *Pæans!* W**T*N, shout huzza!

Chaste oracle of Lords! who, *nice* and *wise*,
 Distinguish right, thro' her *enlighten'd* eyes,
 Deal out their favors, by her high behest,
 And *sacrifice* to all, (but what is best!)

Near Devon-Wall, a priestess (as we're told)
 Inspir'd by *Pluto*, doth his laws unfold;
 (To serve another god, she would disdain;
 For those who do so, are, with her, *PROPHANE*!)
 His elect servant, to instruct and guide,
 Reveal'd to him, *unknown* to all beside.
 Chac'd by her voice, see truth, sense, honor, flee!
 Proscrib'd return, by her supreme decree;
 Doom'd e'er to dwell with men, who, (infidels!)
 Dare spurn her *tenets*, *service*, and *ruelles*.
 Presumpt'ous rebels! guilty of high treason—
 The volunteers of sentiment and reason
 Judge for themselves, and (what you may believe)
 Ne'er pin their faith upon a *W***t*n's* sleeve.
 Yet, should not this too much affect her peace;
 Vot'ries so numerous are, they "*flock like geese*."

Proceed we here, examples to rehearse;

(Our *mode* is *novelle*, tho' our themes not scarce.)

To dunghill drabs, (immaculate, refin'd,

Cleans'd of the vices common to their *kind*,

By holy priests' sanctifying voice,)

Selected, white-wash'd, warranted as choice ;

Your men of *taste*, *discernment* and *spirit*,

Bow, *as the image of reflected merit*.

So true it is, that filth of ev'ry kind,

Cleaves to its rib, and hugs its kindred mind.

Don't swine solace, by wallowing in mire ;

Grunt out their bliss, and stink till they expire ?

So ermin'd peers, *bright* commoners, and cits,

Groveling, at *W***t*n's*, lose their little wits.

And

And lo ! her temple opens ; Rites begin.---
 (Her *son*, chief Porter, and high priest of sin)
 Fraught with his mother's gifts, expert and quaint,
 Who can like *Tom*, perform the wily chant ?
 Enforce oblations ? Reap the *pious* field,
 Whilst golden harvests to his wishes yield ?
 With hand devout, and step which lightly bounds,
 He Pens his Flock, and walks his *sacred* rounds.
 A skilful shepherd of his *fleecy* care ;
 He sheers them close, then turns them out to---AIR.
 Cease here, my muse ; nor more reveal to light :
 Monsters in nature, should be hid from sight !
 As fellow fiends, who banish'd from the day,
 In darkness prowl, rapacious for their *prey*.
 Soft ! *Prey* advances ; dupes, a chosen few,
 First M*LB**N stands esteem'd, and first in view.

Forth trips our priestess, from her hallow'd shrine;
And hails this babe of grace, as if divine.

Smirking and pert, she simpers an address;
And offers *services*, that you may guess.
The witling lord, with head of lead and straw,
Is wond'rous happy with *Mesdames fal, la*:
Enthron'd the *Momus* of trite flimsy pun;
Teh-he'd, encored; he thinks it "*noble fun.*"

The modern *Ammon*; with imperial nod,
He sways his world; and dubs himself a god.
Led on by *Lais*! see him too, consume
His towns and glory, at her syren *Tune*!

Regales he next, on tales of other guests,
 Serv'd for his pastime; season'd by her jests.
 This banquet's curious; 'tis dernier goût---
 Fools, of first fruits, and PIGEONS, *a la stew!*
 Highly he pays; (who wouldn't cherish merit,
 Or give to virtues, they themselves inherit?)

See! gentle S^{*F**N}, vain and debonair,
 (Fashion, from buckle, to the *tonisb* hair);
 Reserv'd and proud; yet humble here as dust,
 He chats whole hours, and sups upon a crust.
 She fycophants presents, with adept care,
 "Accomplish'd beauties"---(daughters of *Rag Fair!*)
 Deep varnish'd o'er, with red and white finer,
 And patch'd by *Cbitick*, throughout, half the year.

Their

Their understandings, what you may presume,
Can tell the chairs, and eke they're in a room.
With manners of their *birth* and *style*, flapdash,
They charm my Lords of DUNCE, and Messieurs TRASH!

There EGR****T appears, in musing pace,
With hands in pocket; and a *silent* face.
Young, rich and handsome; elegant, well-bred;
What wou'd he more?---Alas! a scrap of head!
One little scrap, ye Pow'rs of Pity, tofs:
'Twill snatch him sure, from *priestess*, and her dross.

“Inspiring * God” (ejaculates priest-son)

“From *bead* protect us; else we are undone!

“A lack

“ A lack of *that*, (as witness those who can)

“ Is what supports us,---to a single man.”

Of this ; and yet more *rare*, *amusing* truths ;

For “ PART THE SECOND ” we reserve *high* proofs.

Our muse at present humbly takes adieu ;

And hopes protection, men of sense, from you :

Do you but smile, she'll strait retune her lays,

And sing what most she feels ;---your worth and praise !

End of Part the First.

(123)

"A lack of love, as without those who can"

"In what respect, as to a single man, that"

"I have not seen, and I have not seen"

"Of this, and yet more, many, many, many"

"I have not seen, and I have not seen"

"Our mind at present, but I have not seen"

"And I have not seen, and I have not seen"

"Do you see, I have not seen, and I have not seen"

"And I have not seen, and I have not seen"

End of Part the First

